THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

MONTHLY EPITOME

OF

Taſte, Fashion, and Manners.

No. XXXV.

FOR MARCH, 1801.

———*vultus inſtantis tyranni.* HOR.

Mark, how he ſwells with pride! how foams with rage!
The Autocrat and Tyrant of the Stage!

Three Volumes of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the Work may be had, either in ſeparate Numbers, or in boards, price *Seven Shillings* each Volume, by applying to the Publiſhers, J. ROACH, Ruſſell-Court, and C. CHAPPLE, Pall-Mall.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Jan.* 21, 1801.

THE STRANGER—*Altered from Kotzebue, by B. Thompſon.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

This evening Mr. Cooke repeated the part of the *Stranger*; but though we readily admit, that in many particular inſtances he diſplayed incontrovertible *traits* of original conception, and vigo-

rous intellect; we cannot, in the aggregate, compliment him on his *ultimate ſucceſs*; nor were we able to diſcover ſufficient emanations of mind, and juſt diſcrimination, to warrant us to retract the report we gave of his performance of this part, in our laſt Number. Indeed, from the general complexion of his acting, and the impreſſion made on the diſcerning and enlightened part of the audience, we are apt to ſurmiſe, that this Drama will not be honoured with frequent repreſentation at the theatre, to which, by a ſtriking innovation, both in principle and practice, it has been thus ſtrangely tranſplanted. At the ſame time that juſtice, and a due regard to our own character for literary integrity and conſiſtency, compel us to offer theſe remarks, we muſt take the liberty of obſerving, that Mr. Cooke's failure, in this part, preſents no impeachment to his talents, ability, and reputation, on the broad and general ſcale of fair argument. He fails, *merely by compariſon!* He fails, becauſe he does not labour under the ſame *phyſical infirmities*, as the mechanical Manager of Drury-Lane! He fails, becauſe Nature has been more bountiful to *him*, than to his profeſſional antagoniſt! He fails, becauſe his habits, his manners, his diſpoſition, and his whole train of thought and action are not ſo totally abſorbed in *ſelf*, as to render him as adequate and perfect a repreſentative of a *Miſanthrope*,

as

as the Autocrat of Drury Lane! He fails, becauſe he has *paſſions!* becauſe he is not **conſtitutionally frigid!* becauſe he is not obliged to outrage decency by offering violence, by the way of *apology* for his *want* of powers, to a helpleſs female! becauſe a *lambent fire* glows in his veins, which will not ſuffer him to direct every impulſe and operation of the ſoul to *intereſt*! He fails, becauſe he does not *croak!* becauſe he is not the *Knight of the Rueful Countenance!* becauſe his features are not *ghaſtly*, *woe-worn* and *haggard!* He fails, becauſe he can *feel!*—becauſe he is *not inſenſible to love!* becauſe his *blood runs riot!* becauſe he is *not deadened to enjoyment!* becauſe he is *not a Jeſuit!* becauſe our common mother has dealt *honeſtly with him!* becauſe he is "*vaſis adhuc ſalvis, et* "*bene locupletibus inſtructus!*"—he fails, in ſhort, becauſe he is *not* Kemble! Happy diſcomfiture! enviable, if there be ought to envy in humanity—enviable miſcarriage!

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* "There are (as Holy Writ informs us) eunuchs, which "were ſo *born* from their *mother's womb!*—and there be eunuchs, "which were *made* eunuchs, by men!—and again, there be "eunuchs, which have *made themſelves* eunuchs for the king-"dom of Heaven's ſake."—MATTHEW XIX, V. 12.

To *which* of *theſe three claſſes*, certain individuals belong, it is not our buſineſs to determine. "*Children* are the gift (if we "place any faith in *Revelation*) not of *phyſical* exertion and "*contingency*; but of the LORD.

Vide Kemble's Apology.

Mrs. Litchfield, for the ſame reaſons falls infinitely ſhort of Mrs. Siddons, as the repreſentative of *Mrs. Haller.* Her's is not a *heart of marble!* not *her's* the *furrowed cheek and wrinkled forehead of age! She* ſtands indebted for the *growing* reputation ſhe enjoys, to her *own* exertions; not to *family connexions! She* has not, like Mrs. Siddons, been *ſervant-maid* to a lady of quality! *She is not ſiſter to the Manager!*—*She* is not devoid of feeling for others! *She* is not proud, beyond a due ſenſe of decency, and ſelf-reſpect! *She* neither takes upon herſelf to *canonize,* or *anathematize* a fellow-performer! She contents herſelf with diſcharging, to the utmoſt of her ability, the duty ſhe owes to thoſe who employ her, and thoſe who have a right to be benefited by her employment!

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Feb.* 2. 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan* (as this gentleman chooſes to be the *foſter-father* to Kotzebue).

THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

Mrs. Harlowe, a very deſerving actreſs, and the *chere amie* of the Haymarket Prompter, Mr. Waldron, who has, through the *diſcernment* of the Manager, this ſeaſon obtained an engagement at this theatre, among the *few,* (if the *plural* can be juſtly uſed) recruits enliſted by the AUTOCRAT of Drury-Lane, was this evening *re-introduced* to the

public

public, on the *Winter* Boards, in the character of *Cora*. To thoſe, who have directed their attention to the progreſs of the Drama, it is almoſt ſuperfluous to obſerve, that Mrs. Harlowe is an actreſs *above* mediocrity. She poſſeſſes *natural* endowments. She is not the *mere child of practice!* not merely *drilled* to the profeſſion! "*invita Minerva!*"—but gifted with the *ſeeds* and *ſtamina* (though *Botaniſts* may conteſt the application of *ſtamina* to a *female* organ, which they would technically denominate *piſtillum*) of an actreſs. She is competent to *feel*, and to *depict* feeling. Yet muſt we obſerve, that *Cora* is not the moſt favourable character, in which (had ſhe been left to her own *unbiaſſed* choice; had the illneſs of a ſiſter-performer not intervened,) ſhe could offer herſelf as an *applying* candidate for public applauſe. She is *phyſically* too *matron-like* (without meaning any invidious alluſion to her *date* of exiſtence) for the repreſentative of ſuch a *virgin-wife*, or *lover*.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Feb.* 2, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakſpeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 3, 1801.

THE STRANGER—*Altered from Kotzebue.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

Having in our Report of Mr. Cooke's perfor mance-

mance of the *Stranger* ſufficiently animadverted upon and contraſted it with Mr. Kemble's perſonation of the character, we ſhall not enter on a recapitulation, but content ourſelves with generally obſerving, that we conſider Mr. Kemble's *Stranger* as one of his moſt ſucceſsful efforts. His repreſentation of this character is diſtinguiſhed by that particular beauty, which painters technically denominate *keeping*. So critically indeed, and with ſuch conſummate ſkill, are the different lights and ſhades of the picture touched and blended together, that the reſult produces the moſt perfect harmony and repoſe. In no one individual ſcene does Mr. Kemble fall off; but rather riſes with his theme, and gains upon the audience to the very fall of the curtain. His voice, his look, his geſture, his emphatic pauſes, are all in perfect uniſon, and the *tout enſemble* of his performance conſtitutes one of the moſt finiſhed and correct dramatic repreſentations the preſent ſtage can boaſt. Mr. Kemble, as we have frequently had occaſion to remark, is greatly indebted to *phyſical* peculiarities for his excellence in this part.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 3, 1801.

SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* IL BONDOCANI—*T. Dibdin.*

DRURY-

DRURY LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 4, 1801.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—*Dr. Goldſmith.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 4, 1801.

MACBETH—*Shakſpeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Feb.* 5, 1801.

THE INCONSTANT—*G. Farquahar.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Feb.* 5, 1801.

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE—*T. Dibdin.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *Feb.* 6, 1801.

TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

Mrs. Harlowe made her ſecond appearance on the Drury-lane boards this evening, in the character of *Miſs Hoyden*, which ſhe ſuſtained with much ability. In the preſent dearth of theatrical talent, we are happy to ſee this actreſs reſtored to the Metropolitan Stage. She poſſeſſes whim and fancy, and may juſtly be conſidered as an acquiſition to the Drury-lane company.

COVENT-

COVENT GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Feb.* 6, 1801.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR—*Ben Jonſon.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.*

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY *Feb.* 7, 1801.

KING LEAR—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 7, 1801.

THE HEIR AT LAW—*G. Colman.* IL BONDOCANI—*T. Dibdin.*

Mr. Colman's ingenious Comedy of the *Heir at Law* was performed this Evening on the Covent-garden ſtage, by permiſſion of the Proprietor. Very little variation occurred, in the *caſt* of the characters from the repreſentation at the Hay-market Theatre. Mr. Emery ſucceeded to Mr. Suett's part, as *Daniel Dowlas*, alias *Lord Duberly* —Mr. Knight perſonated *Dick Dowlas*, and Mr. H. Johnſton was the repreſentative of *Henry Morland.* Mrs. Gibbs, who this evening made her firſt appearance at this theatre during the preſent ſeaſon, retained her accuſtomed part of *Cicely.*

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Feb.* 9, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* CROSS PURPOSES—*—Obrien.*

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Feb.* 9, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakſpeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 10, 1801.

THE STRANGER—*Altered from Kotzebue.* HARLEQUIN AMULET.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 10, 1801.

OTHELLO—*Shakſpeare.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.*

Mr. Cooke's *Iago,* which that performer now plays in a very *improved* ſtyle, conſtitutes the primary attraction which this tragedy poſſeſſes, in the repreſentation. To apply the phraſe of *acting* to Mr. Pope's *Othello,* would be an abſolute miſnomer. 'Tis a vile, heteregeneous mixture of *rant* and *whine*; each, ſingly and ſeparately taken, ſo diſguſting and intolerable, that it is difficult to ſay, which is the moſt offenſive of the two. One moment he bellows, like a goaded oxe, or a town bull; and the next blubbers, like a whipped ſchool-boy.

Nor is his wife leſs amenable to cenſure, as the repreſentative of *Deſdemona.* On this amiable and intereſting character our great Dramatic Bard has beſtowed peculiar care and pains. It was evidently a *favorite,* and conſtitutes one of his

moſt finiſhed portraits. But it loſes all its charms in the acting, by the revolting affectation of Mrs. Pope.

DRURY LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 11, 1801.

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM—*Mrs. Cowley.* MY GRANDMOTHER—*P. Hoare.*

A new Dance was produced this evening, ycleped *Our Dancing Days,* which furniſhed its getter-up, Mr. Byrne, with a very fair opportunity of diſplaying his agility and capering ſkill to conſiderable advantage.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 11, 1801.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN—*G. Colman.* THE PADLOCK—*Bickerſtaffe.*

A New Comedy, in Five Acts, entitled the *Poor Gentleman,* was performed this evening for the firſt time, and with much merited ſucceſs. It is the avowed offspring of Mr. Colman's Muſe—a gentleman who has long eſtabliſhed his literary reputation by a variety of productions, which bear incontrovertible evidence of genius, and in point of taſte and claſſical refinement, rank greatly above the level of our modern dramatic pieces. Like the reſt of Mr. Colman's comic ſketches, it abounds in incident and humour; but we cannot refrain from obſerving at the ſame time, that it abounds likewiſe

likewiſe in ſcenes and particular paſſages, which but too plainly evince, that the author has been carried away by the tide and torrent of falſe taſte, and has too largely ſacrificed his own better ſenſe and judgment to the depraved palate of the town. It is more copiouſly interlarded with puns and *equivoques* than any of Mr. Colman's former productions—a circumſtance, which we cannot but regret, though we readily concede to Mr. Colman, in their fulleſt force and import, the plea and apology, which we accord to every other dramatiſt, who, from the untowardneſs of fortune, is obliged to take up the pen rather with a view to profit than to fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lieutenant Worthington, -	Mr. Murray,
Sir Robert Bramble - -	Mr. Munden,
Frederick Bramble - -	Mr. Lewis,
Lollipop - - - -	Mr. Fawcett,
Sir Charles Cropland - -	Mr. Farley,
Farmer Harrowby - -	Mr. Townſend,
Stephen - - - -	Mr. Emery,
Corporal - - - -	Mr. Knight,
Humphry Dobbins - -	Mr. Waddy,
Emily Worthington - -	Mrs. Gibbs,
Hon. Miſs Lucretia Mac Tab	Mrs. Mattocks.

The intereſt of the piece reſults rather from the ſentiments, and the individual ſituations, than from the management and conduct of the plot; which is neither ſufficiently complex, to ſurprize; nor ſufficiently guarded from anticipation, with reſpect to the *denouement*, to keep the mind of the ſpectator in a ſtate of agitation and ſuſpence. Lieutenant *Worthington*, a gallant, but invalid officer, with little or no dependance, but his half-pay, retires, for the ſake of cheap living, to a farm-houſe in Kent. Here he ſupports with his ſcanty pittance, his daughter *Emily*; his wife's poor, but haughty relation, the Hon. *Miſs Lucretia Mactab*, and a truſty *Corporal* (the anti-type of *Trim*, in *Triſtram Shandy*) who has ſhared all his fortunes, and was wounded, fighting by his ſide, in the ſame action, in which Lieutenant *Worthington* met with the diſaſter which incapacitated him for active ſervice. His retreat is diſcovered and invaded by *Sir Charles Cropland*, a young, diſſipated man of faſhion, who entertains an illicit paſſion for his daughter, and has the addreſs to engage the connivance and agency of the haughty, and *Honorable*; (but not very nice or *honorable*, as to her principles) *Miſs Lucretia Mactab*, in aid and promotion of his baſe deſigns upon *Emily*. Under the pretence of taking a morning's walk, this female pander inveigles her niece to a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſhe leaves her

in

in the power of *Sir Charles.* The latter, having in vain eſſayed to undermine her virtue by ſophiſtry, and the allurements of wealth, has recourſe to *force,* and is juſt on the point of carrying her off to a chaiſe, which he has in waiting, when his ſcheme is fruſtrated by the intervention of *Frederic,* the nephew of Sir *Robert Bramble,* who but the preceding evening arrived from Ruſſia, and was tempted by the fineneſs of the morning to take an early ſtroll into the fields. *Frederic* reſcues *Emily* from the Baronet, and reſtores her to her father.

A challenge from *Sir Charles* is the conſequence of this interference, which is conveyed by *Lollipop,* an eccentric and contemptible character, who ſticks at nothing to further his own intereſt. The parties meet: *Lollipop,* as the ſecond to *Sir Charles*—and *Sir Robert Bramble,* as ſecond to his nephew *Frederic.* But in the moment, that they are preparing to fire, the father of *Emily* breaks in upon them, and claims the diſpute as his own. This eventually leads to an *eclairciſſement*—*Sir Charles* acknowledges, and begs pardon for his miſconduct—and the piece terminates with the union of *Emily,* and her gallant defender *Frederic.*

This conſtitutes the graver outline of the plot. The comic ſcenes reſult chiefly from the eccentricities of *Sir Robert Bramble*—the military paſ-

ſion,

ſion, or rather *military madneſs* of *Stephen*, ſon to Farmer *Harrowby*—the odd commixture of *Lollipop*'s character, who is a village-apothecary, and cornet in a volunteer troop of horſe—and the beggarly pride and meanneſs of the Hon. *Miſs Lucretia Mactab.* *Sir Robert Bramble* is a Baronet of the old ſchool, fired with ſentiments of virtue, generoſity, and univerſal philanthropy, but paſſionately fond of argument, and covetous of contradiction. His manners have the bluntneſs of primæval honeſty: he hates flattery; regards aſſent to his tenets as *adulation*, and keeps his old ſervant *Humphrey* chiefly, as it ſhould ſeem, from a love to his *rudeneſs*, and becauſe he always oppoſes him in argument.

Maſter *Stephen* exhibits a whimſical compound of ſhrewdneſs and ſimplicity. From the *Corporal* he has imbibed the military *mania*; he grubs up his father's kitchen garden; blows up the pig-ſtye—and overturns the whole ſyſtem of his father's houſehold and agricultural purſuits, by way of making military experiments—and practiſing the tactics and manœuvres of war. He ſhoots the poultry, becauſe they do not march gracefully; and deſtroys the *piggery*, to try the effect of a mine.

Lollipop preſents a ſtill more ludicrous aſſociation of heterogenous and diſcordant qualities. In his *profeſſional* capacity as *Doctor* and *Man-midwife*, he does almoſt as much execution among the

the *human* race, as he does among the *feathered* tribe, by his *ſhooting* exploits, as a keen and ſucceſsful ſportſman. But his chief pride centres in the wearing of a *ſcarlet coat.* As *Cornet* to a volunteer troop of horſe, he affects all the conſequence of military rank, and at the ſame time conſults not leſs his *profit* than his *vanity*, by the gratificaton of this purſuit, drenching the whole *corps* with phyſic, for which his charges are not the moſt moderate. In the delineation of this character, the author has ventured on very delicate and critical ground. It requires management and addreſs of a very ſuperior caſt, to burleſque the *individual,* in this line, without entailing ridicule on the *whole ſyſtem* of volunteering. Mr. Colman, however, has hazarded the experiment, and on the general iſſue, with ſucceſs; though ſeveral particular paſſages are not totally exempt from offence, and, but for the reſiſtleſs drollery of the actor, (Mr. FAWCETT) who hurries, as it were, the mind of the ſpectator along with him, and leaves him not a moment's pauſe for grave reflection, would doubtleſs give conſiderable umbrage to a large proportion of the audience. We would not, however, adviſe the horde of *minor* dramatiſts to *preſume* on Mr. Colman's ſucceſs, in this inſtance, and to repeat an experiment ſo deeply fraught with jeopardy and peril. Mr. Colman has ſhown himſelf equal to almoſt any undertaking; but we know of

few,

few, if any, of our modern writers, who can venture after him with any hopes, or probability of safety. Nor is it the least proof of Mr. Colman's ingenuity, that in the character of *Lollipop* he has, as it were, given a second edition of the dose served up in *Master Stephen*, without weakening the effect of his first prescription, and cloying the palate by surfeit.

The ridiculous character of the Hon. *Miss Lucretia Mactab*, is sketched with much comic force, and what enhances its value, with greater attention to truth and nature, than that of any other of the *Dramatis Personæ*. *Sir Robert Bramble*; *Master Stephen*, and *Lollipop* (much as they please in the representation) are, severally and critically examined, mere *caricatures*. A man, acting on the principles and practice of *Sir Robert Bramble*—were he even as rich as *Cræsus*—would be reduced to beggary, in less than a twelvemonth. No farmer in the world, unless he were himself a madman, and anxious to promote his own ruin, would suffer his son to play such mad freaks and pranks, as *Master Stephen* delights in atchieving. —And we have too much respect for the honour and character of the patriotic Volunteer Association of the country, to believe that they would tolerate for a day, an hour among them such a contemptible wretch, as *Lollipop*; still less, that they would suffer a being so palpably gross and

vile

vile, to be in *command*, and in a ſtation of oſtenſible ſuperiority.

But no objection, founded on the charge of inconſiſtency and extravagance, attaches to the character of the Hon. *Miſs Lucretia Mactab.* She is drawn with a faithful adherence to Nature—that crude, unleavened mixture of pride and meanneſs, which ſhe diſcovers in all her ſentiments and actions—that beggarly haughtineſs; that preſumption on her family blood; that ſyſtem of *ſpunging* on the very perſons, whom ſhe affects to deſpiſe—all theſe *traits* are ſtrictly conſonant and congenial with the Scotch character, and may be confronted and collated with daily experience. Whoever has an opportunity of viſiting in Scotch families (an opportunity, forſooth, to be acquired without much difficulty; both town and country literally ſwarming with them) and of obſerving the manners of theſe *voluntary exiles of the North*, will bear evidence to the truth and juſtice of our author's colouring. One *Mactab*, one Scotch beggar in a houſe, is a ſufficient viſitation for the collective ſins of all its inhabitants.

As a ſpecimen of true comic force, the ſcene in which *Worthington* miſtakes *Sir Robert*, and his old ſervant *Humphrey Dobbins* for a bailiff and his follower, is pre-eminently entitled to notice. The policy on a bond of £.500 having expired, in conſequence of the ſudden death of the perſon com-

miſſioned by *Worthington* to renew it—a demand is made on the lieutenant for re-payment of the principal with intereſt. *Worthington*, as he expreſsly declares, has not five pounds in the world, and of courſe prepares himſelf for an arreſt. In this ſituation and frame of mind, he encounters *Sir Robert*, and his attendant *Humphrey*. The former apprized of *Worthington*'s embarraſſment, comes with the benevolent intention to relieve him; but the lieutenant miſtaking his views, avows his incompetency to pay the ſum, and only requeſts, that inſtead of ſending him immediately to the county jail, he will grant him, and his daughter an aſylum in his own houſe, for which he promiſes to make a ſuitable acknowledgement, whenever it ſhall be in his power. This, and a long ſucceſſion of ſimilar miſconſtructions, on both ſides, leads *Sir Robert* to conclude that the lieutenant is out of his ſenſes; and gives birth to a curious ſcene of altercation, which is at length brought to a happy iſſue by the arrival of *Frederic*. A mutual explanation enſues—*Sir Robert* jocoſely obſerves, that he cannot feel affronted at *Worthington*'s miſtaking him for a bailiff, ſince, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of the county, he is virtually *King of the Bumbailiffs!* and in that character muſt accredit every writ of arreſt for debt. Such a writ having been tendered him that very

very morning, inſtead of drawing on *Joe Doe* and *Richard Roe*, he had given a draft on his banker, and diſcharged the debt. The whole of this ſcene is wrought up with the moſt conſummate ingenuity and ſkill. Indeed we may, with ſtrict juſtice add, that the ſtrongeſt ground of cenſure, which attaches to the general character of Mr. Colman's New Comedy, is a *redundancy* and *exuberance*, inſtead of a *dearth* and *ſcarcity*, of wit and fancy. He frequently ventures to the very utmoſt verge of poetical licence, and ſome of his ſallies are, perhaps, too wild and unreſtrained even for the moſt wanton and ungovernable curvettings of the comic Muſe. As an inſtance and caſe in point, we ſhall adduce his *jeu d'eſprit* on the curate, who has loſt his horſe; and therefore is likely to loſe his ſituation, it being cheaper for the incumbent to provide another curate, *ready mounted*, than to purchaſe a new horſe for his old curate. *Sir Robert*, on being informed of this circumſtance by *Humphrey*, aſks the name of the horſe he purchaſed at a late fair. "*Belzebub!*"—is the anſwer.—"Then," replies *Sir Robert*—"ſend *Belzebub* to "the curate, and tell him to ride him all his life!" —Many ſimilar paſſages might be quoted, were it pleaſant to our feelings to dilate on imperfections. but where merit predominates, where a few venial errors are counterbalanced by a numerous hoſt

of beauties, we eagerly adopt the ſentiments and maxim of the Roman critic:

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.———

HOR. De Art. Poet. v. 351.

With reſpect to the performance, the play was ſtrongly *caſt*. Mr. Lewis, as the repreſentative of *Frederic*, a fiery and impetuous youth, whoſe heart is radically ſound and good, but whoſe feelings frequently outrun his judgment, aſſumed a volatility of manner, to which no other performer, at either of the theatres, is adequate. By a ſpecies of profeſſional metamorphoſis, he appeared to be the exact character he perſonated. For eaſe and gentlemanly deportment, he ſtands, as we have frequently had occaſion to remark, without a rival.

Mr. Murray, as *Worthington*, depicted with much force and ſpirit the gallant bearing of an Engliſh officer, ſtruggling with adverſe fortune, yet full of manly pride, and elate with conſcious honour and integrity. Naturally open and ſuſceptible, he is reſerved only from a train of untoward events: he ſhrinks back from the proffers of friendſhip from a ſenſe of innate dignity; yet ſoon thaws and relents at the touch of kindneſs. His reduced circumſtances render him jealous of inſult from thoſe, to whom the blind Goddeſs has been more favorable, and who, baſking themſelves in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, look with indifference,

indifference, if not with diſdain, on the diſtreſs of others. The feelings and character of a gentleman he ſtill preſerves, amidſt every change and viciſſitude of life; nor will he ſuffer himſelf to be ſcowled upon with impunity Such is the deſcription of *Worthington*, as drawn by the author, and ſuch the portrait given by Mr. Murray, in the repreſentation.

Sir Robert Bramble is a part peculiarly calculated for the genius and talents of Mr. Munden, who pourtrays the teſty lover of argument and oddity, with much humour and felicity of manner. To the exertions of Mr. Fawcett, as *Lollipop*, the author, as we have already remarked, is preeminently indebted for the ſucceſs of his piece. In any other hands, we ſhould have trembled for its fate. This actor is remarkable for a rapidity and vehemence of utterance, which carry him ſafely through the moſt incongruous and hazardous characters. The auditor is ſcarcely able to keep pace with him, and has no time to weigh and balance the intrinſic merit of what he hears.

The character of *Sir Charles Cropland* is not diſtinguiſhed by any originality of feature. It is one of thoſe characters. which we ſee daily on the ſtage. Like its repreſentative, Mr. Farley, it cannot aſpire beyond *negative* commendation.

Harrowby is ſtill more inſignificant, and indeed unworthy the performer to whom it is aſſigned.

The

The ſame remark applies to the *Corporal*, which is certainly far beneath the rank which Mr. Knight holds in the theatre. *Maſter Stephen*, on the other hand, is a character of a very different caſt, bordering upon the very exceſs of *farce*, and is moſt ably ſuſtained by Mr. Emery. This performer promiſes to attain to a very enviable poſt of profeſſional diſtinction.

It does not often fall to our lot to ſpeak of Mr. Waddy in terms of panegyric; but we ſhould be guilty of injuſtice were we, in the preſent inſtance, to refrain from obſerving, that the character of *Humphrey* receives conſiderable intereſt from the peculiar oddity of the performer. In this part, Mr. Waddy keeps the audience upon the broad grin.

Much as we admire Mrs. Gibbs, in many of her characters, we cannot diſguiſe our opinion, that *Emily* would have found a better repreſentative in the perſon of Miſs Murray. Mrs. Gibbs has great merit in parts, which depict *ruſtic ſimplicity*, and *uncultivated nature*—but ſhe cannot be placed upon a *par* with Miſs Murray, in ſcenes where *artleſsneſs* of manners is blended with *refined ſentiment* and *unſophiſticated* poliſh.

Mrs. Mattocks has ſeldom appeared to greater advantage, than ſhe did this evening, as the repreſentative of the Hon. *Miſs Lucretia Mactab*. She painted in ſtrong and glowing colours, that

aukward

aukward affectation of gentility; that unhallowed mixture of haughtineſs and meanneſs, of ſervility and pride, which may be juſtly ſaid to form the leading *trait* in the character, not merely of the *individual*, but of the *ſpecies*, as applied to the *refugees* from the North. She met, as ſhe deſerved, with loud and reiterated applauſe.

Mr. Betterton delivered the *Prologue*, which contained no very new or ſtriking points. The *Epilogue*, was ſpoken by the principal characters, in ſucceſſion, after the manner of the Epilogue to the *Heir at Law*, and, like that performance, abounds in whim, eccentricity and humour. The houſe, as uſual on the firſt night of a New Play, was crowded in every part, and the reception which the *Poor Gentleman* experienced from the audience was ſuch, as will, we flatter ourſelves, encourage its ingenious author, to gratify the town with more of his productions. It was announced for repetition, on the fall of the curtain, amidſt burſts of loud and general applauſe.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Feb.* 12, 1801.

CYMBELINE—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

The Hiſtorical Play of *Cymbeline* was this evening revived, with conſiderable coſtlineſs and ſplendor; but ſorry are we to add, not with a correſpondent degree of popularity and ſucceſs. The fact is, that the Manager builds too much upon his

his *own individual ſtrength*, and the co-operation of his equally vain and over rated ſiſter. His primary attention, whether in the *production* of a *new*, or the *revival* of an *old* play, appears to be directed to the gratification of his own vanity, and the furtherance of his ſordid, ſelfiſh, Jeſuitical ſyſtem of *Nepotiſmus*. Were it poſſible for our Great Dramatic Bard to anticipate the day of General Reſurrection, and, reſuſcitating from the grave, to offer a piece to Kemble, the firſt object of enquiry with the manager would be, whether there was a good part for *himſelf?*—the ſecond, whether his *ſiſter* could engroſs the principal female character? and thirdly, whether his *loving brother* could be thruſt into a conſpicuous ſituation? Theſe points duly aſcertained and ſettled in the affirmative, he would ſpare no expence, but laviſh hundreds of pounds on ſcenery and decorations (as he has done in the revival of *Cymbeline*) though convinced at the ſame time, that the theatre would ultimately be a loſer (as it has been in the caſe of *Cymbelime*, upwards of £.800) by the iſſue of his experiment.

Theſe remarks apply with peculiar weight and pertinency to the conduct of the Manager, in the revival of *Cymbeline*. Inſatuated with *gigantic* notions of his own ſuperiority; and inflated, almoſt to an equal degree with *family conceit*, he ſeems to think, that the town *muſt*, of neceſſity, reliſh

every repreſentation, in which *he* condeſcends to take a part. Nay, we might even go a ſtep further, and add, that a drama becomes the more valuable, in *his* eyes, the leſs it recommends itſelf to the public by its intrinſic merit, and the leſs opportunity it affords of calling into exertion and into notice, the talents of any performer but himſelf.

From what other motives, than the wiſh to exhibit himſelf in the character of *Poſthumus*, Mr. Kemble could be induced to revive the Tragedy of *Cymbeline*, we muſt candidly confeſs ourſelves utterly at a loſs to conceive. That it poſſeſſes many beauties, we do not deny; but theſe (to adopt the language of Dr. Johnſon) "are obtain-"ed at the expence of much incongruity." Of this Mr. Kemble cannot be ſuppoſed to be ignorant. Yet, for the ſake of gratifying a weak and ſilly pride, he compromiſes the intereſts of the theatre, and ſaddles the firm with a debt of nearly One Thouſand Pounds, that he may ſnuff up into his noſtrils the fumes of adulation, and furniſh his friend, Mr. LAWRENCE, with an opportunity of *ſpawning* and *littering* afreſh, by producing another *whole length* of Kemble, and *hanging him* up to public ſtare in the Exhibition-Rooms of the Royal Academy.

To return, however, from this digreſſion, (the pertinency of which, we flatter ourſelves, renders all apology unneceſſary) we muſt, in juſtice to

Mr. Kemble, obſerve, that as far as individual exertion is competent to render a piece attractive, he is entitled to the praiſe of well-deſerving. His *firſt entre* on the ſtage was diſtinguiſhed by a dignity of manner and of carriage, which proclaimed him worthy of the love of a Princeſs. In proportion as the intereſt of the piece increaſed, in the ſame proportion did Mr. Kemble riſe in energy and ſtrength; not needleſsly exhauſting himſelf; but reſerving, after the example of the author, his powers for gradual development. In the opening ſcene of the Third Act he was pre-eminently ſucceſsful. The confidence with which he encounters *Iachimo*, on his return—his firm reliance on *Imogen's* honour—the impatience with which he retorts *Iachimo*'s calumnies, and the various objections he raiſes (even after his faith in *Imogen*'s fidelity begins to ſtagger) againſt the truth of *Iachimo*'s tale—were maſterly depicted. Art aſſumed the guiſe of Nature, and the ſtudied, mechanical manner of this great actor was literally abſorbed in feeling.

Iachimo was rbly perſonated by Mr, Barrymore. —and Mr. Palmer did juſtice to the part of *Cloten*. Meſſrs. Raymond, Wroughton, and C. Kemble ſeverally ſuſtained the parts of *Cymbeline*, *Belarius*, and *Guiderius*. The *Queen* is a part totally unworthy of the powers of Mrs. Powell; but, under the preſent management, ſhe, as well as every other

other performer whoſe talents interfere with the aggrandizement of the Kemble family, muſt expect to be degraded. *Imogen*, in deſpite of modeſty and decorum, was allotted to Mrs. Siddons. To ſay harſh things of the female ſex is the ſevereſt trial to which, in our cenſorial capacity, we can poſſibly be ſubjected. But juſtice compels us to obſerve, that a more flagrant violation of propriety can ſcarcely be conceived, than to obtrude a *confirmed matron*, as the repreſentative of a young and blooming bride. Add to this, that the *icy*, cold, *ſaturnine* complexion of Mrs. Siddons ill qualifies her for the delineation of the gentler paſſions.

The ſcenery and decorations were got up in the moſt ſuperb and coſtly ſtyle—and we may add, with more magnificence, in many inſtances, than propriety. The bed, on which *Imogen* reclines, was out of all proportion; ſo much ſo, that even Barrymore himſelf, though of the order of tall proportions, ſtood almoſt in need of a ladder to take a view of *Imogen*'s perſon. The introduction of a Dance in the ſcene, where *Cloten* ſerenades his miſtreſs, added to the artificial attractions of the Piece. The theatre boaſted at once a numerous and a faſhionable attendance. Among other perſons of diſtinction, we noticed her Royal Highneſs, the Princeſs of Wales, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl and Counteſs of Oxford, &c, &c.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 14, 1801.

CYMBELINE—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR, *S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 14, 1801

POOR GENTLEMAN—*G. Colman.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.*

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Feb.* 16, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Feb.* 16, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakſpeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 17, 1801.

CYMBELINE—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 17, 1801.

POOR GENTLEMAN—*G. Colman.* IL BONDOCANI—*T. Dibdin.*

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Feb.* 19, 1801.

CYMBELINE—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Feb.* 19, 1801.

POOR GENTLEMAN—*G. Colman.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.*

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY *Feb.* 21, 1801.

MACBETH—*Shakſpeare.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 21, 1801.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR—*Ben Jonſon.* IL BONDOCANI—*T. Dibdin.*

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Feb.* 23, 1801.

PIZARRO—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Feb.* 23, 1801.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakſpeare.* HARLEQUIN'S TOUR.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Feb.* 24, 1801.

DEAF AND DUMB; OR, THE ORPHAN PROTECTED—*(from the French of M. Bouilly).* THE VETERAN TAR—*S. J. Arnold.*

An Hiſtorical Drama, founded on a fact connected with the inſtitution for the inſtruction of the *Deaf and Dumb*, in the city of Paris, under the auſpices of the *Abbè De l' Efee* and recorded in the

the *Cauſes celebres*, was this evening produced for the firſt time, on the Drury-lane boards. The adapter in his preface informs us, that it is not a literal tranſlation of the French original; but has received various alterations and additions to render it more congenial to the manners of the Engliſh ſtage. Not being in poſſeſſion of the French Original, we are incompetent to decide upon the preciſe nature and extent of theſe alterations—but as far as we are enabled to form a judgment, on this point, from the comparing the Engliſh verſion with a German tranſlation of the ſame play, by Kotzebue, it ſhould appear, that the Engliſh adapter has done little more, (with the exception of ſpinning out the part of *Dupre*,) than curtail and abridge. To the merit of invention he has not the ſlighteſt claim; nor can we accord him much praiſe, even in his capacity as tranſlator, for elegance and vigor of ſtyle.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julio - - - -	Miſs De Camp,
Darlemont - - -	Mr. Wroughton,
St. Alme, - - -	Mr. C. Kemble,
Franval, - - -	Mr. Barrymore,
De l' Epée - - -	Mr. Kemble,
Dupre - - - -	Mr. Banniſter,
Dominique - - -	Mr. Suett.

Pierre

Pierre - - - Mr. Palmer,
Philippe - - - Mr. Trueman,
Etienne - - - Mr. Chippendale.
Charles - - - Mr. Maddocks,
Modame Franval - - Mifs Pope,
Marianne - - - Mrs. Mountain,
Claudine - - - Mrs. Sparkes.

In the conduct of the plot, which is of the moft fimple and artlefs conftruction, the author has difcovered very little ingenuity. *Julio*, a deaf and dumb orphan (from which circumftance the piece takes its title) but the rightful heir of the Count of *Haratcour*, is left under the guardianfhip of his maternal uncle, *Darlemont*. The latter, taking advantage of *Julio*'s unprotected ftate, and natural infirmities, forms a plan of poffeffing himfelf of his nephew's inheritances. For this purpofe he engages the co-operation of an old domeftic of the name of *Dupre*, and carrying *Julio* to Paris, ftrips him of his wonted attire, and, habiting him in beggar's apparel, lofes him in the turnings and windings of that populous city. In this condition he is difcovered, in the dead of the night, by the officers of the Police, who perceiving him to be *deaf and dumb*, place him under the protection of the *Abbe del Epee*.

" I foon

" I ſoon (to purſue the ſtory from the *Abbe*'s own recital) I " ſoon remarked an uncommon intelligence in his eyes—a well " manner'd eaſe and aſſurance in his behaviour; and above all a " ſtrong and ſorrowful ſurprize in his looks, whenever he exa- " mined the coarſeneſs of his apparel. The more I ſaw, the " more I was convinced, that he had been purpoſely loſt in the " ſtreets. I gave a public, full, minute deſcription of the un- " happy foundling; but in vain. Few will claim intereſt in " the unfortunate.

" Placed among my ſcholars, he profited ſo well by my leſſons, " that he was at laſt able to converſe with me by ſigns, rapid " almoſt as thought itſelf.. One day, as we were paſſing the " High Court of Juſtice, a Judge alighted from his carriage.— " The ſight gave *Theodore* (for ſo I called him) an emotion vio- " lent and inſtant. The tears ran down his cheeks, in torrents, " while he explained to me, that when a child, a perſon who of- " ten wore ſimilar robes of purple and ermine, had been accuſtom- " ed to careſs, and take him in his arms. Another time a grand " funeral paſſed us in the ſtreets. I watched the various changes " in his colour, and learned, that he had himſelf, long ago, " followed the coffin of the very perſon, by whom he had been " thus fondly careſſed. I could not be miſtaken;—I concluded, " that he was probably the orphan heir of ſome chief magiſtrate, " purpoſely turned adrift, in a ſtrange and populous city—de- " frauded, robbed, and even fortunate to have eſcaped with " life.

" Theſe ſtrong preſumptions redoubled all my hope and zeal, " *Theodore* grew every day more and more intereſting. He con- " firmed to me many circumſtances of his ſtory. Yet how proceed " in his behalf? He had never heard his father's name: he " neither knew his family, nor the place of his birth. Some " months ago, as we went through the *Barriere d'Enfer*, ob- " ſerving a carriage, ſtopped and examined—the recollection " ſuddenly ſtruck him, that this was the very gate, through " which he entered Paris, and that the chaiſe, in which he tra-

velled

" velled, with two perſons, whom he well remembered, had,
" in this very ſpot, been thus viſited. This convinced me,
" that he came from ſome city in the ſouth of France, of which,
" in all likelihood, his father had been the chief Magiſtrate.

" Finding all my reſearches ineffectual, I reſolved at laſt, to
" take my pupil with me, and traverſe, in perſon and on foot,
" the whole of the South of France. We embraced each other,
" invoked the protection of Heaven, and ſet forward. After a
" journey, long, fatiguing, almoſt hopeleſs, we this morning,
" arrived at the gates of Toúlouſe.

" He knew the place; he ſeized my hand; uttered wild
" cries of joy, and led me quickly here and there, through
" various quarters of the city. At laſt we arrived at this ſquare.
" He ſtopped; pointed to the manſion oppoſite your door;
" ſhrieked, and ſenſeleſs dropped into my arms.

" This manſion I found to be the palace of Harancour; and
" from the enquiries I have already made, I am convinced, that
" my poor boy is the lawful heir of that family, and that his in-
" heritance has been ſeized by his guardian, and maternal uncle,
" *Darlemont.*"

This recital is made by the *Abbé* to the Advocate *Franval*, who eſpouſes the cauſe of *Julio*—and with the *Abbé* proceeds to the houſe of *Darlemont*, to claim the reſtitution of *Julio*'s inheritance. *Darlemont* boldly reſiſts their demands, having procured a certificate of *Julio*'s *death*; but his emiſſary *Dupré* turning witneſs againſt him, and a variety of collateral proofs ſpringing up, *Darlemont* at length avows his guilt, ſigns a paper, acknowledging *Julio* to be the lawful *Count of Harancour*, and re-inſtates him in his rightful poſſeſſions.

Subordinate to the main buſineſs is an under-

plot, founded on the former (for no paſſion Play can exiſt without *love*) of *St. Alme*, the Son of *Darlemont*, for *Marianne*, the ſiſter of *Franval*. *Darlemont* is adverſe to their union, deſigning to match his ſon to the daughter of the Preſident.—And *Marianne*'s mother, conceiving an alliance with the ſon of *Darlemont* beneath the dignity of the family, is equally deſirous to prevent their marriage. But all obſtacles are at length removed by the diſgrace of *Darlemont*, on the one hand, and the generoſity of *Julio*, on the other, who no ſooner comes into poſſeſſion of his inheritance, than he makes over one half of his fortune to *St. Alme*, and joins the hands of the lovers, with the conſent of *Madame Franval*.

The chief objection which attaches to the plot, reſults from the want of complicated intereſt. The *denouement* is immediately anticipated. A very ſlender portion of ſkill would have been ſufficient to involve the identity of *Julio* in doubts and difficulties, which of courſe would demand a greater exertion of ingenuity, talent and addreſs in their removal. Inſtead of this, proofs riſe on proofs on every ſide, and are unneceſſarily multiplied, even at the expence of conſiſtency. *Julio* is not ſuppoſed to be above ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age, at the time that the action of the fable takes place. The *Abbe* expreſsly tells us, that it is about eight years ago, ſince *Julio* was firſt placed under his care. And

yet

yet one of the proofs of his identity hinges on the circumſtance of his delivering *St. Alme* from the jaws of a *wolf*, previous to his ejectment, and conſequently at the age of eight or nine. "Did not *Julio* (we are told) regardleſs "of danger to himſelf, and thoughtful only for "*St. Alme*—did he not, when the wolf had faſtened "on *St. Alme's* throat, bravely rend aſunder his "bloody jaws, receiving in his own arm a wound "ſo deep and dangerous, that the ſcar could "never be effaced." Stories of this nature do very well in *romance*, and may accord with the fables of Mythology; but they are utterly out of place in the modern Drama. Indeed, we are rather tempted to aſcribe this improbability, or at leaſt its exaggeration, to the *Engliſh adapter*. Not having ſeen the Original, we cannot, as before remarked, ſpeak with certainty on this point; but in the German tranſlation we find its incredibility conſiderably ſoftened down. There, inſtead of atchieving an *Herculean* feat, and overpowering a ravenous wolf, at the tender age of eight years, we are told, that *Julio* reſcued *St. Alme* from the fury of a dog, which *St. Alme* had irritated by pelting it with ſtones. "*Julio* ſaw his friend's danger; "flew, like lightning, to his aſſiſtance, and fell upon "the furious beaſt, by which he received a dange-"rous wound in his right arm."

With reſpect to the *adapter* of this piece to the Engliſh ſtage, various and contradictory are the

reports which have been propagated. We were firſt pompouſly told, that it was the joint-production of *Maſter* C. Kemble, and Miſs De Camp. It has of late become ſo much the faſhion for illiterate *Actors* to turn *Play-wrights*; and ſuch, indeed, is the contemptible character of many of our modern productions, that we were not ſurprized at the mention even of *theſe* names; well aware, that a Play may be *botched* and *manufactured* by *Agents*, and afterwards aſcribed to *principals*, whoſe capacity to write one ſingle page of common ſenſe is highly problematical. The poor *Deaf and Dumb Orphan* was next fathered upon a Mr. Hill; whether the *Macænas* of Henrietta-ſtreet, or not? we have yet to learn. For ſurely, without meaning the ſlighteſt offence, we may be permitted to ſay, that we ſhould be no more aſtoniſhed at ſeeing that Gentleman exchange the buſineſs of *collecting* and *purchaſing* of books for that of *writing* them; than we have been aſtoniſhed at ſeeing Players, who, like Mr. Kemble, Sen. *can* act—or Players, who, like *Maſter* Kemble, *cannot* act, (*rave*, *rant*, and *ſpout*, he certainly *can*, and *does* to admiration, with all the accompliſhment of *Jacob's Well!*) leave their proper ſphere and functions, to *ſpawn* and *litter* brainleſs Plays—after the *Lodoiſka* faſhion! Mrs. Inchbald was the next perſon in rotation, to whom this *Orphan* Drama was aſcribed; but if it be, indeed, *her* handy-work, and the child of her *own*

begetting,

begetting, or rather *adoption*, ſhe has thought proper to involve the proceſs in doubt and myſtery, by attributing the job, in the *Preface*, to a Tranſlator of the *male* ſex. All that we can with certainty rely upon is, that whoever be the *Adopter*, Mr. Kemble has acted the part of the *Parent-Bear*, by *licking the cub into form and ſhape!* "Shrinking from no trouble, (we are told in the "*Preface*),—HE, the great *claſſical* writer of the "age!—HE, the immortal *manufacturer* of Lo"DOISKA!—HE, the *Man-midwife* of *De Mont*"*fort!*—HE, the grand depoſitory of ſenſe! the "fountain of true attic taſte! and the well ſpring "of genius!—HE! reviſed the whole!" After paſſing through ſuch hands, hands which, like the touch of Midas, convert every thing into gold, can we wonder at the ſuperlative excellence of this *partnerſhip* production?

A ſimilar degree of error, doubt, and contradiction appears to have prevailed among our news-paper-critics, relative to the *original* parent of this dramatic bantling, which the major-part of them attributed to Kotzebue. Among this number was the writer of the *True-Briton* theatricals; yet in the courſe of no longer a term than three days, this very paper, with that profligacy of ſentiment, which marks its general character, had the impudence to *abuſe* its cotemporaries for the very error, in which it had

itſelf

itſelf fallen. The following extract from the *True-Briton* of the 27th of February, will ſhow to what a pitch of effrontery and *hardened infamy* that paper has arrived.

"Kotzebue, (See *True-Briton*, Friday, 27th "February, 1801,) who, God knows! has ſins "enough of his own, has been *belaboured* (the *ele-* "*gance* of this writer's ſtyle is truly admirable!) "by ſome of our *well-informed, and deſerving cri-* "*tics*, for being the author of *Deaf and Dumb*; "whereas, in fact, it was written by a Frenchman. "This (the critic proceeds) reminds us of the "*Blind leading the Blind.*"

As this Gentleman appears to have a predilection for *ſcriptural* quotations, —— we ſhall endeavour to ſuit hs taſte, by paying him in *his own coin*: Before he proceeds to quarrel with his brethren, for being "*blind leaders of the blind*," at the very time that he performs the ſame office himſelf, we would recommend to him to take to heart, and reduce to practice, the following admonition from the Seventh Chapter of St. Matthew: "Why "beholdeſt thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's "eye, but conſidereſt not the *beam* that is in thine "own eye? Or, how wilt thou ſay to thy brother: "Let me pull out the *mote* out of thine eye; and "behold a *beam* is in thine own eye. Thou "*hypocrite!* firſt caſt the *beam* out of thine "own eye; and then ſhalt thou ſee clearly to caſt "out the *mote* out of thy brother's eye."

(*To be continued.*)

LENT

LENT ORATORIOS.

The *Oratorios* cloſed, for the preſent Seaſon, on Friday, March 27, with a *Grand Selection*, from the Works of HANDEL, at Covent Garden Theatre; and *Eliſha*; or the *Woman of Shunem*, an entirely *New Oratorio*, compoſed by Dr. ARNOLD, at the Haymarket Theatre. The long approved, and meritorious ſervices of Mr. ASHLEY, the Conductor of the Covent-Garden Oratorios, have been repaid by a correſpondent degree of public patronage aud ſucceſs:—and even at the Haymarket Theatre, the Manager has, at leaſt, had the credit of *appearances*; ſuch being the circumſcribed dimenſions of the place, that a very moderate attendance was ſufficient to prevent the ſpeculation from exhibiting "a beggarly account "of empty boxes."

The performances at Covent-Garden conſiſted, as uſual, of Selections from the Works of HANDEL, with the addition of a Grand Funeral Anthem, entitled the *Requiem*, by Mozart. At the Hay-market the Conductor has been more prolific of *novelties*; well aware, that he had to ſtruggle againſt *known* and *approved* talents. A New *Requiem*, by RAUZZINI, performed on the 11th Inſtant;—and an entirely *New Oratorio*, by

Dr.

Dr. ARNOLD, entitled *Eliſha*; or, *The Woman of Shunem*, performed March 13th, have enjoyed a kind of *partial* ſucceſs; by enabling the Conductors of the ſcheme to keep up appearances, and to make a creditable ſtand againſt the attractions of Covent-Garden.

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